

tired mechanical heart(s) by TolkienGirl

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Pairings: Steve H./Nancy W.

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Summary: Nancy wakes up. In a way.

tired mechanical heart(s)

Hangovers are a penance.

The Wheelers aren't particularly religious, but some concepts transcend theology and pin themselves to the forecast skies of life.

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Nancy wakes up—

—in a way.

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Her hair is crisp and dull—last night's smooth waves had to pay the hairspray price, after all—and her mouth is dry as dust.

Steve must have brought her home. Steve. She shakes out her hair and rubs her eyes, but his face dances before her eyes with the lips sewn shut, answering no questions.

It isn't like him not leave a note. It isn't like—

Nancy sags against the doorway, lets the hollow feeling in her chest sag against something else. Is this what makes people get the hell out of their hometowns? The endless pain of being known, when growing up has bled all the color out of your life?

Only, *people* don't wander into haunted woods, *people* don't lose their best friends to nightmare creatures and half-said goodbyes. *People*.

Nancy balls up her stained top, lets it dangle from her hand over the clothes hamper by her bedroom door. And then she drops it in the trash bin.

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Nancy takes a shower. She brushes her teeth and scrubs at her mascara and takes three deep breaths, one after the other after the other.

Something has changed, or something is over, but she doesn't know what.

She remembers nothing.

Likely, that's a mercy.